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## Spring.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

A flush of green is on the boughs,  
A warm breath panteth in the air,  
And in the earth a heart-pulse there  
Throbs underneath her breast of snows:

Life is astir among the woods,  
And by the moor, and by the stream,  
The year as from the torpid dream,  
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds:

Wakes up in music as the song  
Of wood bird, wild, and loosen'd rill  
More frequent from the windy hill  
Comes greening forest aisles along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen  
Of woodland pool the gleams receives  
Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves,  
Of broken sunlights, golden green.

She sees the outlaw'd winter stay  
Awhile, to gather after him  
Snow robes, frost-chrystall'd diadem,  
And then the soft showers pass away.

She could not love rough winter well  
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;  
So wears awhile on her young brow  
His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns, her, loving, to the sun,  
Upheaves her bosom's swell to his,  
And, in the joy of his first kiss,  
Forgets for aye that sterner one.

Old Winter's pledge from her he reaves—  
That icy cold, though glittering spar—  
And zones her with a green cymar,  
And girdles round her brow with leaves.

The primrose and wood-violet  
He tangles in her shining hair,  
And teaches elfin breezes fair  
To sing her some sweet canzonet.

All promising long summer hours,  
When she in his embrace shall lie,  
Under the broad dome of bright sky,  
On mossy couches starr'd with flowers.

Till she smiles back again to him  
The beauty beaming from his face,  
And robed in light glows with the grace  
Of Eden-palaced cherubim.

O Earth, thy growing loveliness  
Around our very hearts has thrown  
An undimmed joyance all its own,  
And sunned us o'er with happiness.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### X.

#### OPERA.

1800—1830.

Dramatic music, like literature and the plastic arts, reflects in every age the predominant spirit which governs the ideas and manners of a people; this art—doubtless more powerful than any other, since it combines them all, as it were, in itself—

renders obvious to sense, if we may so speak, the picturesque side of the human soul, and gives the careful observer a daguerreotype of the mobile and varied physiognomy of the ages as they pass.

Just as the musical era of Cambert and Lulli seems to us to correspond exactly with the grandeur of the times of Louis XIV. so Campra represents the affectations of the Regency, Rameau paints for us the inimitable gracefulness of the epoch of Louis XV. and Gluck the austerity of manners under Louis XVI—a king who vainly strove against the dissoluteness of a corrupt court. We shall see during the first thirty years of the 19th century, Lesueur and Spontini faithfully rendering the grandeur and mystery of the Imperial era, and the immortal Rossini brilliantly reflecting, during the more quiet times of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., the important literary transformation effected by the consecutive labors of Chateaubriand, Lamartine and Victor Hugo.

The time of the Consulate, which was but a preparation for the Empire, is essentially a period of transition. We therefore find little to notice in the annals of the Theatre of Arts from 1800 to 1804, except *La Dansomanie*, a ballet by Gardel and Mehul; *Praxitée*, which we owe to the pen of Madame Devismes, wife of the Director of the Opera; *Les Mysteries d'Isis* a pasticcio by Moreland Lachnith from Mozart's Magic Flute and works of Haydn; the Cantata composed by Lesueur in honor of peace and the heroes of France (April 14, 1802); the *Semiramis* of Catel, a work correct, but cold; *Tamerlan*, by Winter, which had but a dozen representations; produced at Notre Dame, on occasion of the solemn proclamation of the concordat, a mass performed by an aggregate of 400 singers and instrumentalists; and finally the *Anacreon* of Cherubini, in which Lays, crowned a wreath of ivy, grape leaves and roses rejoiced,

Animé du triple désir  
Des Vers, de l'Amour et du vin.

A conspiracy of the republicans against the first Consul Bonaparte was to be executed on the 18th Vendémiaire, de l'An IX. (Oct. 11, 1801); and the Opera house was selected as the place to for the deed. The play was the *Horaces* by Porta. The chorus of the Oath was designated by the leaders as the right moment for simultaneous action by the band, which was to be scattered through the theatre. Sixty of them were seated in boxes taken for the purpose, or were mingled in the crowd of spectators. Their plan was to extinguish between the acts, the lamps which lighted the corridor of the first boxes and to hurl from the upper rows a great number of fuses and crackers on fire, which would naturally frighten and confuse both spectators and actors. Profiting by this moment of general terror, tumult and confusion, the conspirators would be able to assassinate the First Consul and his companions. One of the traitors, struck with remorse, went during the night and made known all the details of the plot to the prefect of

Police. Bonaparte to whom the matter was revealed at 4 o'clock in the morning held a council with his chief officers. In the evening he went to the theatre; the general officers clothed in citizens' dress, mingled themselves in the crowd and acted their part so skillfully, that it was impossible to suspect them of knowing all the particulars of the plot. They went directly to the boxes of the conspirators, and besought the occupants to retire peaceably and without noise. At length the elder Horace upon the stage came to the passage,

Jurez donc devant moi, par le Ciel qui m'écoute  
Que le dernier de vous sera mort ou vainqueur.

This, the preconcerted fatal signal fell upon the ears of the First Consul; but, the conspirators, taken with their hands filled with arms and fireworks were already under guard beneath the staircases of the theatre. Before the end of the third act, they had been carried to their prisons in carriages. During all these proceedings the spectators were hardly aware that anything extraordinary was taking place. Some slight excitement was visible in the lobby which was filled with people, but no one knew precisely the key to the enigma.

On the 3d Nivose (Dec. 23d) of the same year a new conspiracy was indicated by the explosion of the infernal machine. Without exhibiting the least trace of emotion, Bonaparte, who was on his way to the opera house at the time of the explosion, entered that building to hear the first performance of Haydn's *Creation*. Garat, Cheron, and Mesdames Barbier, Valbonne and Branchu sang the principal parts in that master work.

Daniel Steibelt had exhausted all his skill in adjusting the barbarous text, as translated by a hack writer, to the admirable melodies of the great German master, and in spite of the disadvantages of the translation, the oratorio produced an immense effect. 156 vocalists and as many instrumentalists, with a pianist to accompany the recitatives, in all 313 performers took part in the work. The receipts on this occasion reached very nearly the large amount of 24,000 francs. It had attracted the notice of the first consul that 17 boxes, containing 94 seats were occupied gratis by the municipal officials of the government. Struck by this wrong, as the reason of the annual losses of the theatre, he wrote with his own hand a note, still preserved in the collection of the Comedie Francaise, of which the following is a copy:—

"A datter [sic] du 1er nivôse, toutes ces places seront payées par ceux qui les occupent.

BONAPARTE."

It was not long before the conqueror of Italy was proclaimed Emperor, and Dec. 2, 1804, the musicians of the opera joined those of the chapel in executing the Mass of Paisiello at the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, which took place in Notre Dame.

The two most important works executed in the Imperial Academy from 1804 to 1814 were, beyond controversy *Les Bardes* by Lesueur and *la*

*Vestale* by Spontini. But before going into details upon these two remarkable productions, we will note rapidly:—

1. A translation of Mozart's *Don Juan*, sung by Rolland, Luby, Derivis and Mlle Armand;

2. *Nephtali* by Blangini, the performances of which, having been interrupted by the Emperor's absence in Poland, were renewed upon his return by his order;

Of less note were *Paul et Virginie* a ballet by Gardel and Kreutzer; *le Triomphe de Trajan* by Esmenard, Lesueur and Persuis; *Aristippe* and *La Mort d'Abel* by Kreutzer, imitated by the *Mort d'Adam* of Guillard and Lesueur; *Fernand Cortes* by Spontini, which ran eighty nights consecutively; *Les Bayaderes* by Catel; *Jerusalem* by Persuis; and *Les Abencerrages* by Cherubini. The first representation of *Les Bardes* was upon the evening of July 10, 1804. After the third act, Napoleon sent Marshal Bessières to call Lesueur, that he might express in person the lively satisfaction which the work had caused him. After some complimentary words, Lesueur was about leaving the imperial box, when Napoleon holding him by his coat said, "Remain here and enjoy your triumph to the close." He afterwards added "your fourth act is superb but the third is unapproachable; I give you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Some days after the Emperor sent Lesueur a small box of gold containing bank notes to the amount of 6,000 francs. On the edge of the box inside was engraved "L'Empereur des Français a l'Auteur des *Bardes*."

The first performance of *La Vestale* was upon Dec. 15, 1807. Spontini, already known by several works, had at length obtained a text from Jouy, composed it and submitted the score to the judges of the Imperial Academy. They found 'good things' in it, but with one voice condemned its extravagance of style, the boldness of its innovations, its abuse of loud instrumentation and the hardness of many of its progressions. The decision was that the work should not be performed. Thanks to the Empress Josephine Spontini surmounted the opposition of the jury. The opera was put in preparation by order of the court, when suddenly Spontini was forced to bow his head and submit his score to Persuis and Rey, who manipulated it at their ease but did not succeed in completely spoiling it. So at last the work was produced and received with enthusiasm. The execution was very fine. Lainez, Lays and Derivis filled the parts of Licinius, Cinna and the high priest.

Madame Branchu gave Julia, and Mlle Mailard the grand vestal. The entire second act is a masterpiece of sentiment and expression; it is both charming and vigorous. The prayer, the "Impitoyables dieux!" the cavatina of Licinius, the finale duet, and the stretto in three kinds of time—all this produces a marvellous effect; and yet without the high protection, which sustained the efforts of the composer, this masterpiece might never, perhaps, have passed the threshold of the theatre. The changes which Spontini had been forced to make in his music raised the expenses of copying to the enormous sum of 10,000 francs.

As we have seen, Napoleon strongly favored the encouragement of letters and the arts; a sufficient proof of this we find also in the remarkable report made by Chenier at the instance

of the Emperor on the state of literature at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries.

Decennial prizes were instituted by an imperial decree, dated at the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle. 24 Fructidor an XII. By this decree 10,000 francs are granted to the composer of the best opera at the Imperial Academy of Music, and by a posterior act, of Nov. 28th, 1809, grand prizes of a second class are proposed, first, to the author of the best lyric poem set to music, and secondly, to the composer of the best Comic Opera represented upon any of the principal stages. Nov. 9, 1810 there was a grand distribution of the prizes.

The poem of the Vestal, by M. de Jouy and the music of the same work carried off the two prizes. A "very favorable mention" was accorded to the *Semiramis* of Catel, and a grand prize of the second class to the *Joseph* of Mehul. *Les Deux Journées* by Cherubini, *Montano et Stephanie*, by Berton, *Ariodant* by Mehul, and *L'Auberge de Baguères* by Catel only obtained "honorable mention."

Four years later hostile armies approached and menaced Paris. Jan. 31, 1814, an occasional piece was hastily arranged, called the *Oriflamme*, the object of which was to revive the hatred of the French against the strangers. It was but a short time however before the Russians and Prussians laid siege to the capital and on the first of April following the *Vestal* was played at the opera in presence of Alexander and Frederick Wilhelm III.

May 17th Louis XVIII. visited the Academy Royale de Musique, once more, on which occasion were given *Edipe à Colone* and *Le Retour des Lis*, a ballet improvised for the occasion. Dec. 14th *Castor et Pollux* was revived; and April 18, 1815, Napoleon in turn was present at a performance of the *Vestal*, followed by the ballet *Psyche*.

July 9th, Louis XVIII again entered the opera, now in company with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, *Iphigenie en Aulide* and *la Dansomanie*, were performed, and Lays sang the *Vice Henri IV*.

An ordinance of the King, of Jan. 18, 1816, regulated the rights of authors. The same year two successful works were produced, *le Carneval de Venise* a ballet by Kreutzer and Persuis and *le Rossignol* an opera in one act by Lebrun. The *Fêtes du Cythère* was hurriedly put together for the marriage of the Duc de Barry by Dieulefoi, Brifant, Berton, Kreutzer, Spontini and Persuis. Reproductions were successively, *Fernand Cortes*, *Les Danaïdes*, *Tarare* and the *Caravane* of Gretry. *Les Jours Floraux* by Bouilly and Aimon had but a moderate success. The *Olympie* of Spontini was played but twelve times though mounted a cost of 170,000 francs.

But the unlucky 13th of February 1820 put a sudden stop to the performances in the Academie Royale. The Duc de Berri was assassinated at the opera on the last Sunday of the Carnival. Horrible and touching contrast! the unfortunate prince stretched upon his bed of death, while the actor Elie was receiving the applause of the spectators in the part of Punchinello. The entire royal family in tears, hardly separated by a thin partition from an audience convulsed with mirth—was not this a most energetic instance of the sorrow and vanity of things of this world?

The last sacraments were administered to the dying duke, on the spot where the crime was committed, upon condition that the opera house should be demolished. Such was the will of de Quelon, archbishop of Paris.

The opera fled to the Salle Favart on the 7th of April. Mlle. Bigottini obtained there a good success in the ballet *Clari*; and Sept. 29 the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux was celebrated there by the performance of the *Choruses of Athalie*, music by Gossec, and the ballet *Paris*. Fine composers, too, joined to celebrate the baptism of the new prince, in an occasional opera entitled *Blanche de Provence*; they were, Berton, Boieldieu, Cherubini, Kreutzer and Paer.

The present opera house in the rue le Pelletier was opened August 16, 1821. The performances were the variations by Paer upon the *Vive Henri IV.*, *Les Bayaderes* of Catel and *le Retour de Zephire*, a ballet. Adolphe Nourrit, a pupil of Garcia made his first appearance as Pyrlades in *Iphigenie en Tauride*. Nov. 11. Habeneck succeeded Viotti and Kreutzer as orchestral director. *Aladin ou la Lampe merveilleuse*, music by Nicolo and Benincori obtained great success. Feb. 6, 1822. But a new revolution was approaching in the realm of music. Castil-Blaze had invigorated the public taste already by bringing to its knowledge foreign masterpieces, in his pasticcios of the *Folies Amoureuses*, *La Forêt de Senart*, and by his translations of the Barber *la Pie voleuse*, *Otello*, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Tancrede* and finally *Robin des Bois* [pirated and altered from Weber's *Freyschütz*] which latter, at first coldly received obtained afterwards an uninterrupted series of 387 representations at the Odeon. Herold and Auber began to be known in 1823 by the *Lasthenie* and the *Vendôme en Espagne*. Pharamond was given June 10, 1825, on occasion of the coronation of Charles X.

After the *Don Sanche* of Theaulon and F. Liszt, was represented May 6, 1826. *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* a picturesque symphony by Mehul, put into action by Gardel. Oct. 9, the benediction of the flags in Rossini's *Siege de Corinthe* was applauded. What can we say of the *Moise* first given Feb. 26, 1827; of the *Muette di Portici* the masterpiece of Auber (Feb. 29, 1828), of *Comte Ory*, that delicious work of mixed style; of *Guillaume Tell*, the brilliant reproductions of which do but add to its eternal youth? What is most to be admired in these works, the vocal melody or the orchestration which is so brilliant without being bellowing as in the great works of the present time?

That was also a beautiful epoch in song when one could hear on the same evening Mesdames Sontag and Malibran of the Italian Opera, uniting in the performance of *Tancred*, *Moise* or *Don Juan*. A magnificent performance Jan. 24th, 1830, brought into the treasury for the poor more than 50,000 francs!

#### John Hullah.

A ladder with the Latin motto "Per scalam ascendimus," mounting by the scale (or ladder), stood over the fireplaces of St. Martin's Hall, was destroyed by fire. The master of the hall was Mr. John Hullah, the most effectual musical reformer whose good influence has been felt by the people of England in our day, or in any day before it. His energetic hand has held the ladder by which other men have mounted; but it has been to him no ladder of fortune. Even before he was burnt out by fire the other day, he was burnt out by zeal.



In a Kentish village numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, thanks to Mr. Hullah's scales, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. This Christmas, and every Christmas, and every Christmas and Easter for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such sense of harmony, that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, against the law. The vicar and his parish are as one family together. At one of their mid-winter oratorios a young woman did not come in till after the music had begun. Her house had been snowed up, but her father, a farmer, had been getting his laborers together, and they had all cleared a way for her, that she might go and take her part in the sublime strain.

At the bottom of this what do we find but Mr. Hullah's music books? Some of them found their way by chance to Pitcairn's Island, where men have learnt from them to make the desert blossom with their songs. Year after year Mr. Hullah has taught classes. His disciples have taught in the provinces with a steady zeal, of which we shall best show the force and the effect by an example.

Twenty years ago, there was no popular taste in this country for anything but dance music, comic songs, and sentimental ballads of the weakest texture. Nobody then believed England to be what everybody now sees it is—a musical nation. English opera then was a tradition more than half suspected to be, like other traditions, fiction. Now, the two largest theatres in London vie with each other in producing it, and we have discovered that our nation begets not only singers and good judges of song, but musicians and composers who in the new atmosphere of national appreciation will know how to hold up their heads in presence of the foreigner.

It seemed to Mr. Hullah in those bygone days that a diffused knowledge of the elements of music would be a great gain to his country. He was first struck by the deficiency, not in observation of the lower, but of the middle and upper classes. When polite folks came together they bored one another with bad solo singing, and concerted music was almost impossible, because there were few vocalists who could really read music at all.

About the end of eighteen thirty-nine, Mr. Hullah, having become acquainted with Dr. Mainzer's system in Paris, again went thither; for he had heard of M. Wilhelm, and he found him carrying out his system of teaching on a very extensive scale, having direct government sanction and support so far as his school for the poor, whether children or adults.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Hullah proposed to the Committee of Council on Education, of which Dr. Kay was then secretary, to open singing schools for schoolmasters of Wilhelm's system in London; and these singing classes soon grew into classes for all kinds of persons; but their growth was impeded by want of a place of meeting, ample, convenient, and not costly. St. Martin's Hall, of which the first stone was laid by Lord Carlisle in June, 'forty-seven, was built; but, alas! St. Martin's Hall, in the phrase of the money getter, "did not pay." It is difficult to estimate the value of the work done in it for the education and refinement of the people. The effort to maintain it had drained all the resources of its founder and its maintenance began to seem impossible when the recent fire brought the whole case to a final issue. Yet, during the past twenty years one hundred and ninety-five classes of adults, of both sexes, averaging seventy persons in each class, have been taught by Mr. Hullah himself, and by a loyal body of assistants, of whom the foremost were Mr. May and Mr. Monk, and two other gentlemen presently to be mentioned by name. The sale of the musical publications has been enormous, and among these, each set of large sheets represents a class somewhere—a single book often the study of a teacher; parents have learnt that they might teach their children. Brothers and sisters have taught one another. The men in the lighthouse on the North Foreland, having got hold of one of Mr. Hullah's manuals, worked through the exercises together, helping and correcting one another as they best might. Others had used, and are now using the book. That is a part only of what the sale of one copy represented.

Mr. Hullah's earnestness and skill were soon appreciated. At the outset of his career he was appointed professor of vocal music at King's College, where he still, as professor, teaches church singing to students of the theological department. In 'forty-four, a class of about fifty was formed for a daily lesson, on Mr. Hullah's system, at Trinity College, Cambridge. Its members were heads of colleges, tutors and masters of arts. The ladies of the same families had

their own class in the hour following. In four or five months these students sang glees, madrigals, part songs, anthems, and motets of rather more than ordinary difficulty. The lessons were resumed after the long vacation, and at the end of the year several private choral performances were given at Trinity Lodge. A class for the under graduates had been at work also; and there were classes for townspeople of divers grades. Mr. Banister, who represented Mr. Hullah in this leaving-off of Cambridge with a sense of music, taught also in London a class of wives, sisters, and daughters of mechanics, who, attending themselves, several hundred strong, to be taught by Mr. Hullah, begged that a class might be formed also for their women folk. The result was a class of seventy, to which the women came half an hour before time to secure good places, anxiously conning their last lesson while they waited, and at which they made progress with a speed only to be accounted for by those who could picture the home evenings in which the husband and father joined with his own household in song, and while comparing the fruits of their lessons they all helped each other.

A more striking illustration of the diffused influence of Mr. Hullah's enthusiasm, is to be found in the result of the labors of Mr. Constantine among the mountains of Cumberland and amidst the whirr of the machinery of northern England, among a people famous in these days for their good choral singing. When, in 'forty-two, Mr. Constantine began working Mr. Hullah's system, under the direction of Mr. Crowe, at Liverpool, he taught the first mixed class of ladies and gentlemen in the National Schoolroom at Birkenhead, and gradually undertook the following round as his week's work. We begin it in the middle: Wednesday, the first business, was to get to Ulverston, twenty-two miles distant; the way being across the sands of Morecombe Bay. This journey in winter time, had to be made often in the dark, because the low tide and the morning sun would not always keep in harmony together. The winter fogs, too, are, in Morecombe Bay, not very welcome to a lonely rider travelling on horseback, and obliged to rely on his horse's knowledge of the track. Class day in quiet Ulverston was always a gala day. The singing master's horse was sure to be well looked after. For Ulverston, the town farthest north in Lancashire, stands on a tongue of land where there was nothing to enliven its work, but the market day, till the musician came. The four thousand inhabitants yielded three singing classes. One contained about fifty ladies and gentlemen, another forty children, and the other was a general class of a hundred. The excellent organist kept up the work, and has conducted a musical society from that time, we believe, to this. People came from miles away to be taught in these classes. A cart-load of poor children used to be sent by a kind lady from Bardsea. A hale old clergyman walked, in all weathers, nine miles into Ulverston and nine miles home again, to qualify himself for teaching, upon Mr. Hullah's system, his school-children and parishioners, that so he might elevate not only the music in his church, but also the happiness, and even the morals of his district. He was rewarded with a success beyond his expectations.

On Thursday the lecturer went on to Ambleside, a ride of twenty-one miles, to a place that is, in winter, very quiet, with its five or six hundred inhabitants sorely in need of wholesome entertainment. Here, where there used to be the most horribly nasal and inharmonious imitation of church music, there is now sung by the people a plain musical service, irreproachable in taste. On Friday the round was from Ambleside, fourteen miles on, to Kendal, where there were four pretty good classes, but these did not live to a second course. Sixteen miles on, next day, Saturday, brought the teacher to Casterton schools. Having taught there, a ride of seventeen miles to Preston was followed by a railway journey to Lancaster and back to meet classes there. Sunday was spent at Preston. A ten-mile ride, on Monday, to Blackburn, carried the music master to three classes, the last a very large one, chiefly composed of factory maids. On Tuesday the Lancaster classes were revisited by way of Preston, and so the week's round ran for one of Mr. Hullah's propagandists, in the winter of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-three. The elementary classes led to the forming of an advanced class, for the practice of Part Music in Preston, Lancaster, Ulverston and Ambleside. The largest classes, however were those at Penrith. The same teacher afterwards taught in other towns both in the North and West of England. At the present time sixty or seventy students leave every year the Home and Colonial schools, and twice as many are in training. The national training schools—St. Marks, Chelsea; Battersea College; Whitelands—each yield about fifty teachers every year, teachers

who have had some musical training. At very many schools—indeed, in all parts of the country—the good work is going on. In Mr. Hullah's personal teaching the interest has been so strong, that some members of his first upper school, formed twenty years ago, have abided by the classes until their recent dispersion. One energetic pupil walked twelve miles to a railway station, thirty miles distant from London on his class nights, and was punctual in attendance. The head of a private school at Tunbridge attended a course, travelling to town for every lesson, and repeating what he had learnt to his own pupils after his return.

It has been found that the number of people who are supposed to have "no ears" is wonderfully small; while only a few may have true genius for music, all can learn its grammar, and by patience with attention learn to hear their part not disagreeably in madrigals and psalms. Thanks to these singing schools the national ear has improved, and the national taste has been raised. Witness the enormous multiplication of concerts in which the choral performers are amateurs; witness the increase in the demand for musical publications and in the sale of musical instruments, especially of pianofortes and harmoniums; witness the great improvement in church music, and the admission even of chants into dissenting chapels. Wherever there is a large town it is now possible to form a chorus at a minute's notice, and it will be a chorus of singers, who are most at home in the best music, and enjoy its performance for the music's sake, far more than anybody can enjoy the act of listening.—*All the Year Round.*

### Church Music in New York.

The law of supply and demand is one of the first in nature, applicable alike to all material, social, intellectual or moral requirements. Thus, when an era in the progress of nations is reached, which calls for great men to take the helm and guide the Ship of State, the supply is always commensurate with the demand, and they are sure to be forthcoming. So it is in all departments of human affairs. At the present time, in accordance with this law, and the advancement of the age in matters pertaining to science and art, a demand exists in all branches of æsthetic culture for something of a better and higher order than our fathers and the generations which preceded us enjoyed. This we find applies particularly to the subject under consideration. The distinguished foreign artists—such as Leopold de Meyer, Herz, Thalberg, and Jenny Lind—who have visited this country, have done much toward creating and developing a taste for fine music among us; as a natural consequence, the want of able performers has been felt, and they have appeared. Many of them have grown up in our midst, and some are from other countries, who, coming here with the intention of remaining but a short time, have preferred to make this their permanent residence.

It has recently been stated in some of the leading German papers, that New York contains more first-class resident pianists than any city in Europe, and we think the same may be truthfully said of organists. Prominent among them is the organist of St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant Square, of which Rev. Stephen H. Tyng is rector. This is, without exception, the largest church in the city, and will seat 2500 persons comfortably; its congregation is one of the most wealthy and fashionable in New York. Of the vocal part of the music at this church we do not propose to say much at present, as a change is soon to be made in the organization of the choir—the quartette of amateurs, of which Miss Dingley is the soprano, being about to give place to a double quartette better adapted to the size of the building. The character of the music is similar to that of Trinity Chapel—described in a previous letter—occupying a position midway between the ancient ecclesiastical and modern secular style. Of the instrumental portion of the music we cannot speak too highly. The organ was built by Henry Erben—by many thought to be the best builder in this country—and, next to that of Trinity Church, is the largest in this city; it contains forty stops, many of which are to be found only in this instrument—one of them is an imported German Gamba, of peculiar richness. The Pedal Organ contains seven, of which one—the Gamba—is a thirty-two foot stop.

Mr. Wm. A. King, a native of London, and son of M. P. King, the celebrated composer, and author of the Oratorio of the Intercession—is the organist. He is the "king" of performers upon the "king of instruments," and has been in this country about twenty-six years, during which period he has officiated as organist at most of the leading New York churches, including Grace, Calvary, and St. Stephen's, Roman Catholic. He has great natural abilities, received his early education at the Royal Acad-

emy, London, and played the organ with skill at the age of twelve years. As an *extempore* performer, he is unexcelled, and his reputation as such has long been established. Overtopping all others of his style, and maturing a great gift in this direction, added to his long experience, he now stands confessedly at the head of the school to which he belongs. His accompaniments are masterly, and in this department he has few superiors; his execution throughout is most delicate and beautiful, characterized by faultless taste, and yet few can produce more power when occasion demands. We were present last Sunday evening, when he extemporized a closing voluntary, which held in wrapt and undivided attention an audience of at least two hundred persons, to the close. His playing is imbued with a feeling and energy that transports the hearer's thoughts far above the limits of what the mere instrument can effect. It has been truly said that a large and powerful organ in the hands of a master in one of his best moments of musical inspiration, is inferior to no source of the sublime in absorbing the imagination, and awakening the finer feelings of our natures.

Before concluding our comments upon the Episcopal Church Choirs, we must not omit to mention that of St. Bartholomew's in Lafayette place, corner of Great Jones street, a large and plain, old-fashioned structure. It contains an organ built by Erben many years ago, which is not an instrument of the first class, but the music is artistic and finished, consequently, worthy of notice. Dr. Clare W. Beames, who was formerly connected with the Italian opera and well known as a vocal teacher, is organist and director. He filled the same position at St. Peter's (Catholic) Church, in Barclay street, from 1838 until 1845, and since then seven years at the Church of the Ascension; during which time he presented to the public many of the classical works of Haydn, Mozart and other composers, hitherto unknown in this country. This choir is a quartette. Miss Marie Brainerd, the celebrated vocalist, sustains the soprano; Miss Lindsey, contralto; Mr. Cafferty, the well known artist, (in painting) tenor, and Dr. Roath, bass, the latter three are amateurs in music. Miss Brainerd is a very fine singer in oratorio, and is considered among the best in sacred music; she has also met with considerable success as a singer of miscellaneous pieces in concerts. The whole form a very effective choir, and the music comprises selections from the classical composers, the Grace Church and Graceland collections, with anthems, chants, &c., of Dr. Beames's own composition.

Brooklyn is fast becoming one of our most musical cities, and the opera has met with more patronage there this season than in New York, but this is owing in part, to the general desire experienced by the public to view the interior of the new Academy of Music. For the same reason, the concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society—which are given at the new Academy—have been attended by upwards of three thousand persons this winter. Church music receives a large share of attention, and, in some of its many churches, the music rivals in brilliancy with that of the leading ones in New York. The largest, handsomest, and most costly of all of them is the Church of the Holy Trinity, located on the heights, corner of Clinton and Montague streets, near the new Academy of Music. Much attention is here bestowed upon the music, and the choir is very thoroughly drilled. The plan upon which it is arranged is antiphonal or responsive, with eight voices on each side, including a fine quartette, of which Miss Comstock, a very superior singer, is soprano and leads the *Decani* side; Miss Chase leads on the *Cantoris* side. Miss Smith is a favorite alto singer, and Messrs. Comstock and Haynes basses of considerable merit. The class of music here produced is of about the same school as that sung at Trinity Chapel and St. George's, New York; services composed by Mr. Warren, the organist, are sometimes chanted. Mr. Warren has it in contemplation to train a number of boys, in addition to the present choir. The organ is a large one, containing forty stops, two octaves pedals, and three ranks of keys. It was built by Crabb, of Flatbush, Long Island, and has recently had several new stops added by Johnson, of Westfield.

Mr. George Wm. Warren, the organist and musical director, is a native of Albany, and acted in the same capacity at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city for thirteen years. There, he had a large and fine choir, and became extensively known throughout the country as a teacher and professor. Miss Hinkley, the present popular *prima donna* of the Italian Opera, was one of his pupils, and a member of St. Paul's choir for three years previous to her departure for Italy. Mr. Squires, the celebrated American tenor, was another one of his pupils. Mr. Warren received a call to this church, and came to Brooklyn in August last; here the purity of his style, the total

absence of all effort in his performance, and the true musical feeling with which he is endowed, have won for him an enviable reputation as an artist of the first rank. It has been stated in some of the papers that the sum of \$3000 per annum was paid Mr. Warren, as salary for his services; this is an error. The amount of \$2000 is appropriated for the music of the church, of which about one-half is for the vocalists. Mr. Warren's voluntaries are of a classical description, comprising selections from Mozart and others, and are sometimes *extempore*. We observe that he always improvises a prelude before giving out a psalm or hymn, after an English custom lately adopted by some of the first organists in New York and Philadelphia; it is an excellent plan, calculated to afford rest to the minister, besides adding grace to this portion of the services, but we cannot hope to see it generally introduced, as it requires more ability and originality than the majority of organists possess.—*Transcript*.

### Signor Arditì.

Of all the foreign musical artists who have established themselves in this country, there is no one more deserving the esteem of the profession than this well-known *chef d'orchestre* and composer. A few details of his career, during which he has been associated with the most celebrated vocalists and instrumentalists of the present day, cannot but be interesting to our readers. Luigi Arditì was born at Crescentino, a small town in Piedmont, in 1822. Evincing great musical talent when very young, he was placed under the celebrated Professor Caldera, with whom he rapidly acquired a proficiency in violin playing and composition. At the age of fourteen, by the advice of Caldera, his father sent him to the Conservatoire at Milan, where he devoted himself to a serious course of study, and distinguished himself by the production of an opera entitled *I Briganti*, which was performed with considerable success during the carnival of 1841. In 1842 he gained, for the third time, the prize at the Conservatoire for composition, as well as for violin playing, and on this occasion was presented with a violin by Viceré, as an especial mark of approbation. He took leave of the institution in the autumn of 1842, and may be said to have commenced his public career early in the following year, when he was engaged as orchestral conductor at Vercelli. He afterwards performed in several of the principal towns in Italy, and returned to Milan in company with the sisters Milanollo, for whom he composed and arranged some of their most effective duets. During 1844 Arditì extended his travels to Rome and Verona with Bottesini. Their success was unprecedented. Encouraged by the results of their concerts, they had determined to visit England together, when an advantageous engagement for America, offered by the impresario Marty, induced them to set sail for that country, where they arrived in September, 1846.

Arditì was appointed conductor of the Italian Opera at the Tacon Theatre in the Havana, Bottesini being in the orchestra under his direction. At the conclusion of their engagement with Marty, they made a tour through the United States, and remained some time in New York. Recalled by Marty to conduct the opera at the Tacon Theatre, Arditì remained in the Havana until the end of 1850, during which season the company included the well-known names of Bosio, Steffanone, Tedesco, Salvi, Bettini, Lorini, Badiali, Beneventano, Marini, &c. When in the Havana he was generally called "Créolo," from the many graceful dances he composed which became popular. In 1852 he was engaged by Albani to accompany her during her *tournee* through the States, and then, desirous of holding the reins of management as well as the conductor's baton, he became impresario in partnership with Mad. Devries, and maintained the enterprise successfully for fourteen months.

He was subsequently under an engagement to *Sontag* at New Orleans, at the expiration of which his services were secured by Mr. Hackett to direct the operas and concerts given with Grisi and Mario during their visit to America. At this time he conducted the performances on the opening of the Academy of Music at New York.

It will thus be seen that Arditì was connected with every musical undertaking of importance in the New World for a period of ten years, or from the time of his first contract with Marty, in 1847, to the moment of his leaving the United States for the purpose of revisiting his native country, in 1856. Upon his return to Europe, he accepted an engagement as conductor at the Naum Theatre at Constantinople, where new honors awaited him, and where he was decorated by the Sultan with the Order of the Medjidie. Upon leaving Constantinople, Arditì returned to Milan, here his reputation and ability as a maestro induced

the indefatigable Lumley to make an engagement with him, which has continued up to the present time, and thanks to which, his remarkable talent has become known to the English public.

During the last twelvemonths Arditì has published many of his compositions, some of which have become popular. Among these will be remembered the Valse Chantante in D, entitled "Il Baccio," which was sung with so much effect by Piccolomini, for whom it was expressly composed. One of his works which is still unpublished, is an opera called "La Spia," of which those who have heard it speak in the highest terms.

It has afforded us much gratification to have been able to give this brief outline of Signor Arditì's successful career, his musical acquirements and amiable qualities making him in every respect worthy of the social and professional position he has attained in this and every other country he has visited.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

**A DANCE FOR LIFE.**—Espinosa, the little ballet dancer with the big nose, who was attached to the Ravel company some years ago, and made quite a hit in "Esmeralda" at the Boston Theatre, and who had in reality an unusual degree of dramatic and salutary talent, is said to have experienced a singular adventure since he was last seen here. On one of those tours taken by theatrical people in search of the golden fleece, in which they sometimes make the most marvellous perambulations and undergo the most moving accidents by flood and field, Espinosa found himself in the Rocky Mountains; not intending to set up a ballet where Fremont raised the American flag, but with a view to eventually reaching California and discovering a placer.

However, he was destined to perform before a very different audience from those which had applauded his pirouettes in the parquette at Boston. He was captured by a tribe of Indians and doomed to torture. While his masters were gamboling around him in their uncouth style, it suddenly occurred to the young Spaniard that his own remarkable friskings might amuse them, or else he was shocked at the bad style in which they performed, and became anxious to instruct them in the movements with which he was familiar.

At any rate he induced them to loosen his bonds, and began to dance. His pranks were so outlandish and extravagant, his gestures so novel and unprecedented, his twistings and turnings, his jumpings and vaultings so entirely surprised the unaccustomed audience that they stared in stupid amazement. It must have been a strange scene. The naked dusky Indians grouped around this little Spaniard, ready so soon as he tired or as they tired of him, to put an end to his life as well as his dancing, and he capered away madly for their amusement. This was indeed "the dance of death." But he intended it should be "the dance of life."

He so fascinated the savages that they became intent on nothing else; and finally when they gathered around him a complete circle he introduced a dance, that many New Yorkers must have laughed at and wondered at when they saw it on the stage; he began running right and left, backwards and forwards, hitting here one and there another, dispersing his audience, touching one with his arm, another with his feet, completely absorbing and delighting them; and while their surprise and pleasure were at the height, suddenly leaped into a vacant saddle on one of the fleetest horses of the band.

The Indians thought this too one of the pranks of his performance, and did not discover their error till Espinosa had shot so far out of their reach, that no effort sufficed to recapture him. He arrived safely at the company from which he had originally strayed more fatigued than after any of his dances in the opera. His audience shouted and screamed, but not with admiration, at the last; and he could boast of having created a more genuine sensation even than Ellsler or Cerito, or any of *les deesses de la danse*.

**VERDI AS A POLITICIAN.** The celebrated composer of the "Ballo in Maschera" has been elected a member of the Italian Parliament. He recently wrote the following letter to the President of the College of San Domine, of which he is a deputy:

President: The honor spontaneously offered me by the College of Borgo San Domine deeply affects me. It proves to me that I enjoy esteem as an honest and independent man, dearer far to me than the little glory and small fortune bestowed on me by art. I thank you, then, President, and beg you warmly to thank for me the electors, who have entrusted me with the honorable charge. Would you kindly assure them at the same time, that if it is not given me to carry into Parliament the splendor of elo-



quence, I shall carry into it independence of character, a scrupulous conscientiousness, and the firm will to co-operate with all my might toward what is good for the honor and closer union of this our native country, so long afflicted and divided by civil discord. Now, to the end that this long and hitherto fond desire of seeing a united country may be satisfied, fortune sends us a king who loves his people. Let us rally, then, all around him, since, if he shall be acclaimed before long the first King of Italy, he will also be, perhaps, the only one who has truly loved his people more than his throne. I beg you to accept the sincere expression of the esteem with which I take pride in declaring myself your devoted servant,  
G. VERDI.  
Sant' Agata di Villanova, Feb. 6, 1861.

The critic of the *Boston Atlas and Bee*, who went to a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, got in, but found no seat—talks some plain common sense to managers and people connected with performances generally, as to the amount of courtesy they display towards those from whom they habitually receive ten or twenty times the worth of the free admissions rendered. After opening his mind pretty freely on the subject, the critic furnishes the following "bill of particulars" of things suffered and enjoyed in his professional tour. It is very much as the experience of nearly every one of his brothers foots up at some time or other:

*The Handel and Haydn Society  
In account with Caput Mortuum.*

For two car tickets.....	Dr.	\$	08
" damages from a wet foot.....			25
" swearing while going back.....			10 00
" extra tobacco smoked.....			06
		\$10	38

Per contra.	Cr.	
By wear and tear of conscience saved in not having to puff the concert.....		39
By comfort in giving a piece of his mind.....		9 99
		\$10 38

—Exchange.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1861.

IN THIS NUMBER the usual pages of Music give place to a Title-page and Index of Vols. XVII. and XVIII.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. IX.

#### ROYAL ORCHESTRA SINFONIE CONCERTS.

(Concluded.)

Berlin, Feb. 1861.

I will not enter into any premature comparison between the Royal Orchestra of Berlin and that of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. At all events, it would be unsafe to declare the superiority of the former on the strength of a single hearing of the latter, such as I have before reported. Certain it is, that, taken at that moment the Leipzig orchestra was not so perfect, and probably not up to its own standard. The strings were all that could be wished, but in the wind band there was harshness, blur and indecision. It was the animating verve and spirit of the rendering that saved it; and yet there was complaint of falling off in this respect. In Taubert's orchestra the balance is perfect; the reeds and brass are all as true and pure in tone, as sure and clear in outline, and as delicately subordinated as the rest; always present in just the right degree of force, and furnishing the right characteristic color, spoiling no effect by over-prominence, and falling short of none. Each man blows and fingers with the skill and certainty of a consummate virtuoso, but without the virtuoso's egotism; a common classical feeling, an artistic loyal instinct merges each in all. It often seemed to me as if Herr Taubert sat at the keyboard of a single universal instrument, and that one master mind

played the whole, to whom every tube and string were as responsive, each with exactly the right shade of tone, as are the keys of the pianoforte to the masterly interpreter of Beethoven or Chopin. Now this, to be sure, is only saying what every orchestra ought to be; it is the abstracting of all the bad from all the good qualities; it is describing an ideal orchestra. A thing more easily described than found. Such generalized fine talk is commonly dangerous, and so overshoots the mark in respect to anything actual, that it describes nothing. But here is just the place for it, when one at last does find something so complete and faultless; something in hearing which you are relieved of all sense or dread of interfering mechanism; in which you meet the composer mind to mind, and the music seems breathed upon you from the source that first inspired it. That certainly is the best orchestra in which you forget the orchestra itself, and deal solely and directly with the composer's thought. And that I could do all too easily for one who has to make a critical report about it.

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was as fine a test as one could have, on the first evening, of the virtues of such an orchestra. Or rather, to put the right foot first, such an orchestra could not do you a more edifying service than to let you hear the Seventh Symphony. There was only one disappointment; we were in the gallery, the air was dead, and of course the sounds could not vibrate with their full resonance upon the ear; your reason recognized how full, how perfect the orchestra was, but subjectively to you the effect was deadened, it needed room to ring in, needed freedom, it reached you partly paralyzed. (Ventilation of rooms has more to do with acoustics than we are wont to imagine.) Such an experience is like listening with wool in your ears. But even with these dampers on the strings (the nerves of hearing), the symmetry and nicety of the rendering were unmistakable. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the exquisite *pianissimo* with which that mysterious Allegretto (second movement) was commenced by the low strings, and how the stream grew richer and stronger by a *crescendo* that held one on in breathless interest. It is almost worth coming to Europe for to hear a *pianissimo* for once in one's life. I think we have only taken the will for the deed at home, and not a very united will at that. In Leipzig, listening to Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, I was surprised and charmed (whether I mentioned it or not) by the exquisite fineness, neatness and precision with which the whole body of violins ran through those long sustained passages of *staccato* triplets in the Allegro. It was the same here too. And that work furnished one chance for comparison of the two orchestras in the same task. I should say that the performances were in the main about equally good, with the exception that in the Leipzig one the brass in the strong passages was sometimes coarse in quality and overpowering; the horns in the Trio stammered, &c. In the Andante, the melancholy church-like movement, the reeds here were marvellously expressive; such bassoons and oboes, with such characteristic individuality of sound, I have not heard elsewhere.

But what else of Beethoven? The *Eroica* came out much more clear and majestic, more like a grand consistent whole, to me, than it ever did be-

fore; although that work still lacks to me the perfect unity of form, the suggestion of a single and successful cast, which is so undeniable in the other great ones, teeming as it is with glorious passions, with most original and frequently sublime ideas. But the *Marcia funebre* is the grandest thing of its kind, and was made uncommonly impressive in this rendering. It was for this, doubtless, that this Symphony had been selected.

It was played in honor of the late king, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who had died on the first of the month; and the concert was the first after the expiration of the *Trauer* period of 18 days, during which all public music, all theatres and entertainments of all kinds were absolutely suspended, and even formally forbidden. How could Germans, especially Berliners, manage to exist so long without music? You wonder that they submit to the compulsory mourning at so severe a sacrifice. But they submit to anything in the name of loyalty and court tradition. Heavy is the tax which Europe pays to *eliquetterei*. When the king dies the whole land must go into mourning; it is not left free to each one's feeling; it is not treated as a matter of feeling; it is an outward observance ordained and imposed on every one; those of such and such a rank must wear such and such crape, and dress so and so, for so many weeks or months; and all must go without music and all public entertainments for a period arbitrarily appointed for them, since it is not safe forsooth to trust the matter to the sincerity of private grief. The nation is the royal house, the people are the royal family, according to the king theory, and are expected to don the livery of the establishment to swell the pomp of its funerals. And so Berlin, so all Prussia, actually existed the first eighteen days of January without theatres or concerts. Of course it was a ruinous interruption of business to some of the dealers in these articles; but good for the keepers of cafés and beer saloons; these became the sole resource for the evenings; for no matter how much crape he wears, how loyally he puts on all the shows of mourning which the Court prescribes, how many black flags wave from palaces, hotels, and fashionable fancy and drygoods shops, how outwardly complete and rigid the so-called *Landestrauer*, construing God's sunshine out of existence for such period as pleases the powers that be, still your Berliner must enjoy himself, must drink and smoke, and reserves one sovereign right against any infringement of which the whole nation would be most sure to rebel—to wit, the right of Beer. By a curious coincidence the only real Winter we have had in Berlin began and ended with those eighteen days; during that period the presence of his icy majesty was very near and palpable, his freezing breath upon us; the temperature was most of the time below zero and yet never so cold as in the coldest days of our less northern Boston; the climax of the cold, the one day that might have passed for a fair specimen of a right clear, cold New England winter day, was that on which your correspondent nearly froze his feet at Potsdam watching the funeral procession of the King. With the return of music came the melting airs of Spring; the snow departed, not yet to return, and the weather on an average has been milder than our April. (This is the middle of February). But the *Trauer* is observed much longer by the court and all officials and their families; and to this fact it

was owing that many subscribers' tickets to the Sinfonie Concerts were not used, but were offered at sale for the last evenings to some of us outsiders, so that we have heard the music to the best advantage from good seats on the floor.

Of the other Beethoven works in the above programmes, I enjoyed most the overtures to *Leonora* (No. 3), and to *Coriolan*, certainly the two grandest which he or any one has written, and that warm, impassioned, exquisite love Symphony—the Symphony in which the sentiment of “*Adelaide*” and the “*Moonlight Sonata*” has found its largest expression—the Symphony in B flat, No. 4. This last was just the kind of piece to hear in such a room, from such an orchestra; the impression of its beauty was as pure warm and complete, as that of one of Raphael's loveliest creations.

I should hardly have thought it possible for me to listen with much interest again to that hacknied Symphony of Haydn's, which goes by the name of the “*Surprise*.” But here the marvellous perfection of the rendering lent such a charm to the mere elegance and perspicuity of Haydn's style, that any one could sit through it with delight. And so with the other Haydn Symphony. Judge then how unalloyed the pleasure must have been of hearing from the same orchestra the symphony by Mozart in G minor, which, the more one knows it, the more he is inclined to regard it as a perfect Symphony, one of the very best existing models of the form, so beautiful and so spontaneous as well as logical in its entire development, as to show that the Symphony form is really not arbitrary, not the fashion of an age, the slavish copy of some one man's success, but founded in the very nature of music and the human soul. The great “*Jupiter*” of Mozart, too, was superbly played; it was easy to trace the four mingling fugue themes in the last movement, in so faithful and distinct a rendering.

Of works more out of the beaten concert track of these days, the Symphony by Emanuel Bach, the son of John Sebastian, naturally excited the most interest, and it had been revived a few weeks before in Leipzig. It was written before the Symphony (or Sonata) form had reached its development, and before the modern orchestra existed. The string quartet of the orchestra is but passingly relieved and colored in it by a few wind instruments. In point of form it seems to occupy the most important step between the old Bach and Haydn. It has three well defined movements, leading without break into one another; and it is full of life and fire, with not a little freakishness, particularly in the finale, where a famous trill is executed by nearly the whole orchestra *en masse*, the double basses included. I must say I enjoyed it, but must hear it more than once in order to know it. Another rarity, comparatively, but very different, was the overture to “*Anacreon*,” by Cherubini; this is one of the most lifesome, stimulating, original, and altogether felicitous productions in the shape of overture that I have ever heard, as sparkling and as wholesome as its subject could suggest.

The two overtures by newer composers, Nicolai and Bernhard Scholtz, were both interesting. The latter, to Goethe's “*Iphigenia*,” has much of the dignity of Gluck, but more enriched with modern orchestration, and made at least a *succes d'estime*. The former, founded on the choral: *Ein feste Burg*, is called a religious festival over-

ture, and was composed in 1844 for the third centennial festival of the University at Königsberg, whose foundations were laid in the same time with those of the Reformation, when these grand old chorales, which form the true heart and subject matter of the great Protestant sacred music, (Bach's motets, cantatas, &c.), as the *Canto fermo* did of the Catholic, sprang into being. It was a true thought, therefore, to choose for the substance of his overture this most representative one of the Lutheran chorals. He gives it out at first solemnly and grandly, and skilfully and justly harmonized, in massive chords of the whole orchestra (accompanied in the original performance by chorus and organ). Then out of fragments of the subject an elaborate and interesting double fugue is developed, in quite a Handelian style, and the overture concludes with the chorale *en masse*, as it began. The work exhibits the composer of that graceful, pretty trifle, the opera “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” in a more serious and important aspect. There are traces of a happy inventiveness already in the opera, especially the overture; but as a whole it is a failure; and of course the idea of setting Sir John Falstaff to music was simply absurd. But those who knew Otto Nicolai well, lament his early death, as well as his somewhat troubled and eccentric life, as that of a man who had real musical genius in him. Certainly this overture shows depth and grandeur of conception and of feeling, as well as musicianship in the sterling contrapuntal sense. A Motet of his, sung lately by the Dom Chor, confirmed the impression. D.

#### Italian Opera.

*Mosé in Egitto*, which was to have been given on Wednesday, was postponed to Thursday. The tremendous snow storm of that evening however, diminished the size of the audience, which would, under other circumstances have been a very large one, as, in the early days of Italian opera, Moses was one of the most popular of all operas, and as the frequent performances by the Handel and Haydn Society of it in its oratorio form have made the music quite familiar to very many people.

It was indeed refreshing once more to hear so grand a work from the hand of the great living master, whose mind seems to be the inexhaustible fountain of melody ever fresh and ever new. Then the prodigal wealth of ornament, and the richness of accompaniment make any thing from the pen of Rossini a rare feast to ears that have been fed long upon the thinner diet offered by his, in some respects, degenerate successors. Our wonder never ceases at his surprising fertility and variety in the points that we have alluded to.

The day gained by the postponement was an obvious advantage to SUSINI, who, in the condition in which he undertook to appear in *Linda* on Wednesday, could not have sustained the burden which the shoulders of Moses have to bear. The improvement in his voice was very marked, so that he went through the evening quite successfully as regards the music, while his imposing personal presence, and careful attention to the acting of the character, made his impersonation on the whole quite effective. It was a serious drawback however, that his noble voice so inadequately carried out his intelligent and artistic conception.

FERRI as Pharaoh was a worthy representative of the Egyptian king. His bearing and manner were truly royal and he gave good effect to the stirring incidents of the scene.

STIGELLI of course left little to be asked in his rendering of the music of Amenofi. The character

is one of little interest dramatically, hardly more so than that of Polliane in *Norma*, thus giving scarce any opportunity for the energy and fire characteristic of the best efforts of Stigelli.

The duet between Pharaoh and Amenofi was splendidly sung by Stigelli and Ferri, and the audience would only be contented when the curtain which had fallen upon the second act was raised and the duet repeated. The duet with Mad. COLSON was very brilliantly done, and prodigiously applauded. The character of Anaide is not one well adapted for this lady, for the purpose of displaying her personal graces and her elegance of manner, and the dress is one severely trying to a pretty woman whose good instinct in matters of the toilet is so conspicuous. She sang however, with all her accustomed effect and brought down the house by her brilliant rendering of the music.

Miss PHILLIPPS as Sinaide appeared to great advantage and her reliable character, as a singer, saved some of the concerted pieces, none of which went very smoothly, from the discredit of entire failure.

The spectacle and tableau at the end was as ludicrous as ever it was in old times, but perhaps was as well done as it can be here. The choruses were tolerable and in respect to costume and scenery the opera was quite well presented.

*Rigoletto* was performed on Friday with Miss Kellogg as Gilda, Stigelli as the Duke and Ferri as Rigoletto. The opera is not nor will it ever be a popular one, and is full of some very unmusical music. For its effect it depends upon the character of Rigoletto, which on this occasion was most admirably represented by Signor FERRI, who gave it all the pathos and passion that it requires. It was one of the best personations that Ferri has ever given us, excellent and versatile as he has proved himself. It is no small credit to appear as he has on every night in characters of such different natures, and to have given them all so faithfully and so well. Ashton, Renato, Antonio, Pharaoh, the King (in *Ernani*) and lastly Rigoletto, have all been rendered with the same zealous attention, artistic conception and admirable effect, and have done much to place this artist, in spite of some vocal drawbacks, very high in the scale of public favor.

STIGELLI sang *La donna è mobile* finely, but no time can efface the recollection of Mario in this air. He was hardly in a congenial element, playing the dissolute deceiver of the Jester's daughter, but the music was faithfully and effectively given.

Miss KELLOGG “renewed her triumphs” as the bills said, in the character of Gilda, giving it with admirable conception and excellent and artistic style, though somewhat wanting in force in the great quartette, pitted against three such voices as were with her. Miss PHILLIPPS was an incomparable Maddalena and gave great life and spirit to the scene.

*Un Ballo in Maschera* was promised for Saturday afternoon upon the bills, “without abridgement or curtailment,” and the performance was perhaps as near to the promise as it is possible for an opera company to keep its word with the public. Have such people no consciences? We have rarely heard an opera more mutilated and more thoroughly shorn of its fair proportions, by leaving out the best part of it, than on this occasion. For example, the whole of the first scene of the second act, which Mad. Colson omitted at the previous performance from indisposition, was again omitted, apparently without this excuse, the audience thus losing one of the finest passages of the opera musically, one also of great dramatic interest. Again the long and important scene that begins the third act, between Renato and Amelia was entirely omitted, very essential to the correctness of the plot, which moreover includes the finest air that Ferri has to sing in the whole opera, whose admirable rendering of it we noticed last week. The scene is also of exciting interest, from the great effect with which it has been given by Colson and Ferri at the previous performances.



BRIGNOLI too, followed suit by cutting the exquisite air of the fifth scene of this act, *Mase m'e forza perdeti*. The performance however, was made to last the usual time by intolerably long intervals between the acts, so that it occupied exactly the time that it did when given complete the first evening. In other respects this was a very spirited and good performance. Indeed the beauties of the opera grow upon us so that we are loath to lose any of them, even if they are not specially promised. As so many of the prominent solos were omitted at this performance, Miss Hinckley in the part of Oscar became almost the most prominent among the characters, and she sang them all with much spirit. The sprightly, light air *Volta la terrea* at once fascinates the audience in favor of the pretty, saucy page and fixes attention upon him, whenever he appears to cast a gleam of sunshine upon the dark passions of the scene. Of this kind of music we know scarce any thing more fascinating than the page's song in the ball room, *Saper vorreste*, which is invariably encored by the audience. The melodies of the opera prove to be of the kind that fix themselves in the memory, and will soon be welcomed as familiar friends.

*Il Trovatore*. The performances of this week began with this opera, with Miss HINCKLEY as Leonora. We have become so accustomed to identify her with the handsome little page in the *Ballo*, that we were fairly surprised at seeing the beautiful Leonora of this evening come upon the stage, lovely enough in truth to captivate Manrico and the Count di Luna and excite them to deeds of desperation to win her. Miss Hinckley's performance of Leonora was a succession of triumphs throughout the evening, and we were also not a little astonished at the power and fine effect with which she gave the spirit of the character. We dare say that some sagacious critic with score in hand will have discovered that some little passage of difficulty may have been omitted, that some lofty feat of vocal gymnastics that we have heard from a Lagrange perhaps may have been missed from her rendering; this may be true, but it is equally true that the real inner spirit of the character and the music has not often been more vividly, faithfully and artistically presented. The most vigorous applause and repeated calls before the curtain rewarded her for all her efforts and frequent bouquets were thrown at her feet. The *Miserere* scene was finely given and frantically applauded, (not by the *claque*, for the deadheads do not sit in the amphitheatre), and its repetition insisted upon by the most prolonged and vociferous demonstrations of delight. Signor Brignoli declined, (although, doubtless, for good and sufficient reasons) to make the additional effort, and thus placed the young prima donna in the awkward position of coming forward to the footlights to respond to the call and being obliged to retire again. The handsome tenor might at least have made his bow and acknowledgement, and the gentleman might have been more considerate of the feelings of the lady. A quite general tribute of hisses was his reward, when, after a long interval, during which the audience would take no denial of its request, the scene was repeated. Another avalanche greeted Signor BRIGNOLI when he appeared upon the scene, which he endured with an imperturbable gravity that quite conquered his enemies, and he took his revenge by singing more exquisitely than ever the remaining music that fell to him, extracting applause from the unwilling hands of those who only just before had hissed him. Miss PHILLIPS as Azucena, made unusual efforts and gave the part with wonderful spirit and dramatic effect. FERRI is an admirable Count di Luna and Barili well sustained the part of Ferrando. Altogether the performance was a very spirited and excellent one, and Miss Hinckley has every reason to congratulate herself on so successful a debut in a difficult part in which the achievements of very great artists are familiar to the audience before which she appeared. This opera always draws a good house, and

the intense passion of some of its characters and the intense music illustrating it, produces an undeniable effect upon the hearer. We have scarcely ever enjoyed the opera, as a whole, more than in the representation of Monday evening. We are glad to have had this opportunity of hearing *Il Trovatore* while the impressions of Verdi's later work are so fresh, and glad to find that our favorable impressions of the latter are even strengthened by comparing it with the earlier work of such universal and undeniable popularity.

"*Moses in Egypt*," performed as an oratorio on Sunday evening was not a very marked success. Choral societies for oratorios, and Italian artists for operas! They cannot exchange places with advantage. The music, we hardly need say to a public familiar with it for these dozen years, is wonderfully melodious and sparkling, and is just as enjoyable now as when it was first brought out. It did not derive any new significance or power from the last rendering. Many of the solos, however, were finely sung; the choruses and accompaniments were good considering the number of performers; and if the principal singers had not utterly spoiled two of the finest quartettes by their jarring *tempos*, we should have had a much pleasanter memory of the concert.

Linda was repeated on Tuesday, Miss KELLOGG in no respect falling short of the impression she made on her hearers at her debut. SUSINI was unable to sing, and Barili, at short notice, was substituted for him. It therefore became necessary to omit considerable portions of the opera. Miss PHILLIPS, BRIGNOLI and FERRI sang excellently and except for the large omissions mentioned above, the performance was spirited and satisfactory. The duet *A consolarmi affrettisi* was encored and the duet between Linda and Pierotto was very brilliantly delivered by Misses Kellogg and Phillips. Signor DUBREUIL improved much in his personation of the old marquis and contributed largely to the good effect of the performance.

*La Juive*.—Halévy's famous opera was given for the first time on Wednesday evening. The announcements of the management had considerably raised the expectations of the public as to its attractions and merits, so that the theatre was again filled to its utmost capacity, offering a most agreeable spectacle to the associated artists, suggestive of large receipts. It is of course impossible to speak with any minuteness of the music of a new opera by a composer almost unknown to us except by name. It gave us little of the melody that one carries away in the head, although it is brilliant and effective from beginning to end, and admirably fitted to the dramatic, even melodramatic requirements of the scene.

Several of the choruses are carefully elaborated and were quite well given. The scene of the feast of unleavened bread was also very impressive and finely sung by STIGELLI with some of the principals and chorus. But the chief attraction of the opera as given by this troupe, at least as it strikes one at the first representation, was the marvellous impersonation of the old Jew Lazarus, by Stigelli, which was one of the most effective and masterly performances that we have ever heard from him. Both in the general effect and in its minutest details it was done with admirable perfection. His dress, facial expression, gait even, were studied with the greatest care and all contributed to the vivid portrayal of the character, on which the whole interest of the opera twins. We need not say that the music was rendered with the finest effect. Mad. COLSON too, shone as a star of the first magnitude, being in the best voice, costumed to the last degree of picturesque perfection, and a beautiful realization of the lovely Jewess. SUSINI made a most imposing Cardinal, but still seemed to suffer from indisposition, although he gave with sufficient effect the music of the part. Signor SCOLA whose name has appeared thus far upon the bills as stage manager, appeared before the public in bodily presence for the first time, as Leopoldo, quite good looking and princelike, but with the merest thread and shadow of a voice, which however, he managed well and intelligently carried out the business of his part.

Miss HINCKLEY looked very charming as the Princess Eudoxia, and sang well, acquitting herself creditably in the close comparison into which she was brought with Colson.

The spectacle was quite imposing; supernumeraries abounded in gorgeous array, and made an almost interminable procession. The interest of the plot and the music culminate in the final scene, where the Jewess refuses to abjure her faith and is plunged into the boiling cauldron, just as the Cardinal, who presides over the *auto da fe*, learns that she is his lost daughter, and not, as had been supposed, that of the Jew Lazarus, who is to share her fate. The composer, himself a Hebrew, reserved his best efforts for the climax of this closing scene, illustrating the noble fidelity to the faith of the chosen people, that in all ages has been its leading and most honorable characteristic.

### Orchestral Union.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.—An excellent programme and a "very middling" audience, to use a common phrase. Four out of the six pieces suitable for any philharmonic concert! That is doing very well for an afternoon concert.

1. Overture, Fidelio. . . . . Beethoven.
2. Grand Concert Waltz. . . . . Strauss.
3. Concerto in E flat, for Piano-forte. . . . . Mozart.  
(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)
- Performed by B. J. LANG.
4. Overture, Tannhäuser. . . . . Wagner.
5. Andante, from "Hymn of Praise" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
6. Bedouin Galop. . . . . Lumbye.

The Orchestra, as well as the pianist, Mr. LANG, played with exquisite taste. The purity and crispness as well as the nice shading in the concerto in E flat were charming. The fine Chickering grand showed no signs of striking its colors or surrendering to the invading force of the Steinways.

Mrs. C. VARIAN JAMES, whom we at last have been permitted to hear, made a mistake in not having her name announced on the bill. "Who is she?" was the general question, and from what we heard yesterday, Mrs. James need not be afraid of coming out known to all. She sang a *Scena ed Aria* from Verdi and showed that she sings with spirit and bravourea, has unusual routine, and as far as we could judge, has a strong and round voice. Some of her tones did not show the smoothness and fullness of the others, especially the lower ones. Yet we should like to hear her again before saying more and with better understanding on the subject. We hope she will soon come out again, and by a varied programme make us familiar with all her powers. Our first impression was a pleasant one. \*

ORGAN CONCERT.—Mr. GEORGE E. WHITING, whose recent concert we noticed at the time, will give another, at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday, April 4 (Fast Day), at 3 o'clock. His advertisement will be found in another column.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—I send you the programme of Mr. SATTER's last *Matinée*, which was better attended than the two preceding ones. (Why did you not enclose the programme, — t — ?) The *pièce de resistance* was the Sonata, which Mr. Satter interpreted very finely, particularly in the second and third movements. To the exquisite Adagio he did the fullest justice by the delicacy and feeling with which he played it. The Overture, like all Mr. Satter's similar arrangements, was marvellously transcribed, and played with an effect like that of a small orchestra. The three pieces which formed the second number were totally different in style, but neither of them particularly interesting, Goldbeck's too fantastical and effect-seeking, Pattison's rather monotonous, and that of Gottschalk a fantasia on the "Old Kentucky Home," with the banjo accompaniment, which he is fond of imitating and introducing. The Fantasia on *La Juive* is one of Mr. Satter's best. Previous to it he played, by request, his waltz, *Les Belles de New York*.

At the close of the concert, Mr. Satter thanked his audience for their patronage, and announced that he would give his next *Matinée* on the 4th of April, for the benefit of the German Hospital in contemplation here.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The meetings at Alard's are devoted to the performance of sonatas, trios, quartettes, and quintettes, of the classical masters; and chamber-music can be heard there better than anywhere else in Paris. Alard's style of playing is marked by vigor, animation, and emphasized, accentuation; his mechanism leaves nothing to be desired, and his bowing is excellent. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, with a gaunt figure, tall and emaciated. His manners betray an iron will, and the history of his life would show that his physiognomy speaks the truth. Sprung from the lowest class of society, this skillful artist possesses now a well-merited reputation, and a considerable fortune which does not hinder him from continuing to live as the most modest of professors. His father-in-law, Mr. Vuillaume, is the first musical instrument maker in France; and at his house I have seen some authentic Stradivariuses and a superb *viola di gamba* which once belonged to Francis I. The neck of the royal instrument is magnificent, and ornamented with all the attributes of a King of France. The backboard is still more remarkable; on it there is a plan of Paris in 1515, and above this a copy of Raphael's St. Luke. Alard is in a better position than any one else, for obtaining violins that have belonged to celebrated masters. He has four, upon which he is accustomed to play, a Stradivarius, a Guarnerius, a Stainer, and an Amati. Mr. Franchomme, a cold violoncellist, but correct and pure in taste, plays by the side of Alard—who uses a magnificent bass viol of Stradivarius—on a violoncello once in the possession of the illustrious Daport, for which he paid 22,000 francs, if I may believe what rumors says. Notwithstanding Mr. Franchomme's precious instrument, I prefer, to this astute virtuoso, Mr. Jacquard, whom I have heard with the greatest possible pleasure execute one of Mendelssohn's *sonates de concert* with Jules Shulhoff. The two soirées of this eminent pianist gave me an opportunity of judging of his last works; they are more elaborate, but less melodious, than those in his first style. His *Souvenirs de St. Petersburg* (mazurka), his *Polonaise*, and his *Grande Marche*, are his compositions which please me most. He plays them very well, but makes undue use of the loud pedal, and betrays a nervous abrupt manner, which seems to indicate a man whose health is impaired. Jules Shulhoff is barely thirty-eight or forty years of age; and is said to be one of the most modest and amiable of men; and if it be true that his mind has already been in a measure affected, it is to be hoped that the temperate climate of France and England, where he is soon going, will contribute towards restoring his health.—*Albon.*

### Cologne.

*Musical Solemnities in Commemoration of Frederick Wilhelm IV. of Prussia.*—At noon on Sunday the 20th ult., the Kölner Männergesang Verein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, royal music director, executed in the large hall of the Casino, a musical service in memory of the late King. A numerous audience, headed by the principal military and civil authorities, had responded to the invitations, by especial cards of the committee, and completely filled the area of the hall and the galleries.

The Verein regarded the ceremony as an act of profound reverence to the deceased king. In the year 1853, His Majesty received the congratulations of the society on his birthday, and honored with his gracious attention and approbation the performance of several vocal pieces, in the apartments of the palace of Sans Souci. He also presented the society with the large gold medal for art, and endowed them with corporate rights. The hope that His Majesty would take the society under his especial protection remained unfulfilled, but only in consequence of the inscrutable decree of providence which lately plunged the country into consternation and grief.

The programme was carried out in a manner worthy of the occasion, and one deeply impressive from the feeling way in which the music was sung. The choral, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," by B. Klein, commenced the ceremony. Next came the "Bardenchor," by Silcher, with new works for the first and second strophes; "Ecce, quomodo moritur Justus," by Palestrina; and "Hoffnung," by J. C. Schärtlich. Herr L. Bischoff, who is an honorary member of the society, then recited a poem, written by himself for the occasion, and entitled: "Der Sänger am Grabe des Königs" (The Singer at the Grave of the King), which was instantly followed by the "Lacrimosa dies illa," and "Pie Jesu Domine," from Cherubini's *Requiem*. Then came Silcher's chorus: "Stumms-

chläft der Sänger," G. Sollmer's "Salvum fac regem" closing the ceremony, which had been listened to by all present with the deepest sympathy and devout attention.

The sixth Gesellschafts-Concert, in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, had been set apart, by the managing committee, as "A funeral service in honor of his late Majesty King Frederick Wilhelm IV.," and took place on Tuesday evening, the 22d ult. The hall presented a deeply moving spectacle. The whole of the chorus and audience—numbering about fifteen hundred persons—were dressed in mourning. The front of the stage was adorned with velvet and silver hangings, while sacrificial flames burned in high golden candelabra wound round with flags.

After an "elegiac march," composed for the ceremony by Ferdinand Hiller, Herr Laddey recited a poem: "Zür Erinnerung," by Wolfgang Müller. Hereupon were heard the first chords rose and joined in Mozart's "Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis." It was a very solemn moment. The imperishable monument of Mozart's genius once again—by the union of purely human feeling, religious sentiment and artistic conception, which, in his case, had blended into unity and into the peculiar expression of his artistic nature, directed to the highest objects—filled all hearts with comfort and elevating devotion.

The solos were sung by Mlle. Rothenberger, Mad. B. Herren, A. Pütz and K. Hill Malaport, from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

What else would follow the *Requiem* in honor of the memory of the deceased monarch, but the sublime composition by Beethoven, which he called the *Sinfonia Eroica*? The execution was admirable. Added to this was the solemn frame of mind of the spectators, so that, perhaps, the great thoughts, the wonderfully interwoven melodies, and the striking specimens of harmony, especially in the first movement and the funeral march, were scarcely ever so grasped by the performers, in all their significance and profundity, as on this evening.

### Munich.

Now that the Prince Carnival has again definitely grasped his all-powerful sceptre, and handed over the concert-rooms to dancing and masquerading, I am enabled to furnish you with a tolerably complete sketch of the first portion of our musical doings during the months of last November and December.

The Musikalische Akademie, under the direction of Franz Lachner, performed at its four Odeon-concerts, an overture for a full wind band (first time), by Mendelssohn; an andante for eight wind instruments, by Beethoven; a prelude and fugue for full band, by Franz Lachner; an air from *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Joseph Haydn; two of the most recently published vocal quartets of M. Hauptmann ("An der Kirche wohnt der Priester," and a song from *Merza Schaffy*); and lastly, two charming vocal quartettes, for soprano and four male voices, by Ferdinand Hiller ("Lebenslust" and "Die Lerchen.") Besides these, we had Beethoven's symphonies in D major and A major; Mendelssohn's symphony in A major; and the symphony in D minor (introduction, allegro, romance, scherzo and finale), by R. Schumann; the overture (No. 3) in C, to *Leonore*, by Beethoven; the overture to *Euryanthe*, by Weber, and the Scotch piece, *Im Hochland*, by Gade. Herr Lauterbach played Lafont's sixth violin concerto; and Herr Walter, Molique's third (that in D minor). Mlle. Stöger sang Beethoven's concert air in E flat, while Mlle. Stehle, alone, gave us an air with *obligato* pianoforte accompaniments by Mozart, and with Mad. Dies, a duet from *Idomeneo*.

The Oratorio Association, under the direction of Herr von Perfall, repeated, at its first concert, Handel's *Messiah*; at its second, it performed, for the first time, a motet for eight voices ("Herr höret mein Gebet," by Hauptmann; the "Christnacht," by Ferd. Hiller, and the "Pilgerfahrt der Rose," by R. Schumann.

Chamber music was satisfactorily represented at the concert of Herren Werner and Venzel, aspiring young members of the Court orchestra, and at two concerts given by the pianist, M. Mortier de Fontaine, as well as that got up by him, for a select circle, on the anniversary of Beethoven's death. Two orchestral concerts of Herr Seidel presented us as a novelty, with a symphony (in G minor) by Mehul and one by Rommel, who is a professor at the Conservatory here. Finally, in the way of *virtuosi*, we heard, in addition to that excellent pianist, Mad. Kolb-Dauvin, at present stopping amongst us, the Brothers Holmes, violinists, at three concerts, in which the public was especially pleased with the admirable manner in which they played together in Spohr's duet compositions.

## Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



